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NBC

ADVERTISER **FARM AND HOME HOUR** WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE **UNTLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS (EPISODE No. 222)** OK

CHICAGO OUTLET **WMAQ**

(**12:30 1:30 PM**) (**NOVEMBER 6, 1936**) (**FRIDAY**)

TIME DATE DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

MUSEE: J. PETIT. "Rondeau e Song"

SOUND: (CRANKS TELEPHONE)

JERRY: (LOUDLY) Hello! hello! hello!!! (BELL) Hello, Jim, can you hear me? (BELL) What? What did you say? You fell? Did you fall off a pole? Oh, you didn't? Say it again, this wind is so darned strong I can't hear a word. Now -- I fell? No, I didn't. -- What? You want me to ring the bell? Great guns, that's all I have been doing for the past half-hour. (BINGS BELL) Hello, Jim, how's that? -- Yes, I can hear you better now. What was the trouble? Wind grounded? Well, it sounds OK now -- Yeah, everything is clear. I can see for twenty miles today. No smoke anywhere -- you'd best keep a sharp watch. Yeah, I'll call you when I see smoke. Sure. Sure. Goodbye. (HANGS RECEIVER ON HOOK)

(JERRY WHISTLES)

ST DEN: (FROM BELOW) Hi, up there. Anybody there?

JERRY: (CALLS) Just a second, till I open the trap door. Grrr! No your hand, I'll help you up. How are you, Mr. Stupelacker?

ST DEN: (CRABBY) How am I? How do you think I am, after climbing all those steps? I'm damned near tickered out, maybe now I am.

JERRY: Here, sit on our stool, till you get your breath.

STONE: Do, too.

JERRY: I'd say it's saving money instead of wasting it. Look at it this way, Mr. Stonedecker. You own a little shop down at Willow Glen. All right. Now, you wouldn't think it good business to own a place and not have it insured against fire, would you?

STONE: Don't be a complete darned fool, young fellow. Certainly my shop is insured. An' my ranch property up by the Forest, too.

JERRY: Well, that's just what Uncle Sam does. The government owns sixty thousand acres of timber in this country, and this timber is part of Uncle Sam's insurance against losses from fire. You see, it's the same thing.

STONE: It ain't at all. I claim that this is a waste of money, and --

JERRY: But, Mr. Stonedecker--

STONE: And you're just another loafer trying to live off the government.

JERRY: I'm not loafing. I'm an artist.

STONE: You're not working.

JERRY: But I am.

STONE: Let's see you do something.

JERRY: (ANGRILY) Now, see here. I ain't gonna stand here and let you -- (MORE MODERATELY) Well, never mind. Want me to show you how forest fires are located and reported? Wants know how it's done?

STONE: I ain't stoppin' you. Go ahead, show me.

JERRY: Good. Now, let's start with this map of the Pine Cone district. You see, it's mounted on a table so that North points North, South points South, and so forth. Every mountain and stream and settlement and landmark is shown -- see? Now, mounted in the center, so as to swing in a full circle, is this metal pointer to sight on fires. When the lookout sees a smoke in the distance, he takes a sight on it, like this, see? He knows the country well so he can estimate the distance the fire is from the tower, and from the topographic map he can tell just about where it is. Then if it's in range of the lookout over on Bald Peak, he gets a sight on it too, and where the two lines cross -- that's the exact location of the fire. Understand?

STONE: (GROANS) I understand, but it's a lot of foolery. Nobody can say trouble's located a forest fire, does it -- gets going good.

JERRY: That's just the point. We want to see those fires before they get going good. Anyhow, next I call the ranger station -- that's Jim Robbins' headquarters, you know -- and report the fire. I tell him its location, the time it started, the direction of the wind, and suggest the quickest way to put it out. Then he gets his crew of fire fighters on the job, and puts the fire out.

STONE: Sounds all right. But I still say it's all a lot of foolishness.

JERRY: You're a hard man to convince, Mr. Stonedocker.

STONE: Sure right I am, young Teller. I've worked hard all my life and saved my money and now I've got something to show for it, -- which I wouldn't have had if I'd listened to every damned fool and his crazy notions. It's a waste of good money, I tell you, -- all this gassin' at the smoke with a telescope.

JERRY: All right, Mr. Stonedocker. Have it your own way. (ALERT) Wait, lemme have those binoculars a minute. Will run?

STONE: Hun, what now? Wanna look at the scenery some more?

JERRY: Yeah. -- Don't you own a tract of woodland adjoining the National Forest boundary, Mr. Stonedocker?

STONE: I do. Widest little stand of timber in the county. It's worth ---

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JERRY: It's located down there at the head of Rock Creek, isn't it?

STONE: That's right. My eyes ain't as good as they used to be but I expect you can see it with those glasses.

JERRY: Is that your ranch house at the edge of the field - white point, red chimney - big tree in front?

STONE: That's it all right.

JERRY: Ha-h-h-h. Chickens sometimes come home to roost, they say.

STONE: Watches up to now!

JERRY: Better call the ranger station.

SOUND: (GRAVING TELEPHONE)

JERRY: Hello, hello, Mrs. Robbins. Is Jim home? This is Jerry. I want to report a forest fire. Call him, will you? Yes. I'd better talk to him.

STONE: What is that fellow you are talking about?

JERRY: By the way, Mr. Stonedeker, were you or any of your men working back of the place down at your place today?

STONE: Had a man coming to clean up trash around the place and burn it.

JERRY: Did you put the fire out before you left? Trash water or dirt on it?

STONE: It burned out all right, I believe.

JERRY: Leave anybody to watch it?

STONE: It was almost out 'fore I left, I tell you ---

JERRY: (CUTTING IN: TO PHONE) Hello Jim. That is werry.
Yeah, on Windy Mountain tower. -- Yeah, fire on the
Spruce-decked place on Rock Creek --- Yeah, right in
the woods. Owner was burning brush this morning --
How do I know? He's right here beside me now. Told
me so himself. -- Yeah, that's right -- you'll take
care of it then? Good. -- No, nothing else. Goodbye
(HANGS UP)

STONE: Whatcha talkin' about? Guess you're talkin' about
werry. Or 'tain' be play some kind of game on Mountain.

JERRY: You heard me report a fire on the phone, Mr. Stone-decker.

STONE: (EXCITEDLY) Are you talkin' the truth, young fellow?
Best gun, that timber's worth a fortune. -- I'll bet
the whole outfit if one's afire! Ranch house too! Open
up that trap door. Quick, I tell you. Just hold that
door open 'till I get down. (PAUSE) That ranch house
go up like powder!

JERRY: (CALLS AFTER HIM) Sorry, Mr. Stone-decker.

INTERVAL MUSIC

(FADE IN MALE VOICES)

JIM: Whew, Elmer, that fire wasn't so big, but she was hot
while she lasted.

ELMER: You're telling me, Jim, just look at these new overalls. Practically burned the pants leg - see? Hole burned right through it.

JIM: (SHUCKLE) I told you not to dress up when in tight fire.

VOICE: Boy, I'm dry! Any water in these canteens?

JIM: (CALLING) Hi, Walter. Any water in the canteens?

VOICE: (FROM DISTANCE) Plenty, Jim, but it's warm.

JIM: We can get some fresh water at Stonedecker's well.

ELMER: I wonder where the old skinflint is. Did you see him around the fire anywhere, Jim?

JIM: You mean Ben Stonedecker? Oh, he'll show up pretty soon.

ELMER: Well, let's go up to the house for that water. I'm so dry I can't even spit.

JIM: Say, Elmer, it looks like there's some one there at the house. Ben didn't go and get himself a wife, did he?

ELMER: No, not him. He's too old & rich to get married. That's his niece - she's a widow lady, came up to keep house for him.

JIM: I didn't know Ben had any relations.

ELMER: Seems like she's in good luck. Ben brought her up here to the mountain to get well.

JIM: I always said Ben had a tender spot under that rough exterior of his. -- Better knows I guess.

SOUND: (KNOCKS ON DOOR - DOOR OPENS)

MRS.W: Oh, I'm so glad you came - come in, won't you please?

JIM: Good afternoon, ma'am. May we get some water from your well?

MRS.W: Why, certainly. Just help yourselves.

JIM: Thank you. Elmer, you and Walter fill up the canteens. Keep six of the men on the line line to watch that it doesn't break down. Then take the rest of the boys back to headquarters in case we get another call.

ELMER: OK, chief.

MRS.W: Can I get you and the men something to eat? They must be hungry after all that hard work.

JIM: No, thank you. The boys carry their own grub with them. By the way, let me introduce myself. I'm Jim Robbins, the newest ranger.

MRS.W: Oh, yes. I've heard Uncle Ben speak of you. I am Julie White. Mr. Stonedecker is my uncle. Please come in, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: Thanks. I will stay in for a minute or two. I want to say you about the fire.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSING)

MRS.W.: Wasn't it awful? I'd not like to go down, and I was nearly frantic 'till I saw your men coming to put it out. Then I was so relieved.

JIM: Know how it started, Mrs. White?

MRS.W.: (WITH RELUCTANCE) Why, yes. I think I know.

JIM: Do you mind telling me?

MRS.W.: I hate to have to say it, Mr. Robbins, but the truth is Uncle Ben and a man he had working for him were burning some small brush piles in the north pasture this morning. The fire must have escaped from them.

JIM: Ben shouldn't have been so careless.

MRS.W.: But he's so set in his ways. You know, Mr. Robbins, he's not one to take advice.

JIM: I know. But he's a pretty good shot for all that. Well, speaking of the -- where he is.

(SOUND DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES)

STONE: (TIRED AND DEFEATED TONE) Hello, Julia. Howdy, Jim. Julia, get me a glass of water, will you?

MRS.W.: Certainly. Just a moment, Uncle Ben.

STONE: I feel kinda faint, hurryin' so fast to get here. 'Fraid my heart ain't what it used to be, Jim. Ben -- the fire, anyhow.

JIM: It's all over, Ben. A few of the boys are still burning the brush. The rest of 'em are going back home.

MRS. W.: Here's your water. Uncle Ben - - - you, your hand is
aching. Hadn't you better lie down?

STONE: No, I'll feel all right in a little while. Was the
fire very big, Jim? Did it do much damage?

JIM: No, Ben, it wasn't so bad. Not as large as it might
have been. Burned about four or five acres. But it
got into some of your best timber. Probably killed
the young growth.

STONE: I was afraid of that. But thank goodness it didn't
spread to my neighbors' woods.

JIM: No, you were very fortunate. It could have burned
thousand acres if it hadn't been discovered so
quick.

STONE: Jim, I've been thinking things over - about what that
young feller up on the fire tower told me. Jim, I've
been a goosh-burged fool.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) What's the matter, Ben?

STONE: Jim, that's just what I am, a shabhorn, nervous old
fool.

MRS. W.: Now, Uncle Ben. Ranger Robbins doesn't think so much
of you as all that.

JIM: Of course I don't, Ben.

STONE: Well, what I think about myself --- Jim, all my life I've been considered by my interests first, last, and always. Always believed that the other fellow was just as selfish and stubborn as I was.

MRS. W: Oh, Uncle Ben, you're not ---

STONE: I am too. If another fellow's fire had spread to my land, I'd of sued him for the rest part of damages. Now, you've saved my property and you've saved my neighbors' land, too. Jim, I might have had a fine bill of damages to pay, wouldn't you?

JIM: It wasn't me that saved your land, Ben. It's just that we're all organized and ready for this sort of thing.

WIFE: And I see it was you who did it, and that makes Jerry up on the tower. There's a pretty way for you, Jim. Save and consolidate. Anytime you don't need it, I'll know and I'll give it to you.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) No chance of that, Ben. Jerry is too valuable to the Federal Service.

STONE: Well, Jim, I ain't a young man anymore and all this worry and excitement ain't good for my heart. I think I'll go lay down.

JIM: Of course. Take care of yourself, Ben. I've got to get back to the station now, but I'll be down in a few days.

STONE: Am' tucky now, Jim. When you come back, bring along the bill for the view that boys went right in' the fire. I want to pay every cent of it.

JIM: All right, Sen. We'll see --

STONE: And Jim, bring that young fellow Jerry along too. I called him a lumper this morning, and I want to take it back.

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